# STRANGE JOURNEY

by

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA



SHAKTI KARYALAYAM

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**Harindranath**
**Chattopadhyaya**



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In issuing this book we wish to make it known, that we have purchased all rights relating to this work from Messrs. Bharata Shakti Nilayam, Pondicherry. We have rebound these copies attractively and we feel sure that lovers of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya's poetic genius will find in this collection the exalted record of a long continued religious experience which will reveal a rare skill of originality and absolute propriety.

SHAKTI KARYALAYAM

# Some Appreciations on the Poetry of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

SRI. AUROBINDO. Here perhaps are the beginnings of a supreme utterance of the Indian soul in the rhythms of the English tongue.........The genius, power, newness of this poetry is evident. We may well hope to find in him a supreme singer of the vision of God in Nature and Life and the meeting of the divine and the human which must be at first the most vivifying and liberating part of India's message to a humanity that is now touched everywhere by a growing will for the spiritualising of the earth-existence."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE. I feel sure you have all the resources of a poet in lavish measure. One marvels while reading Harin's poetry. Storm-clouds of intoxicated richness whirl and wander borne by strange whirlwinds, all night and day and out of them, cleaving through their collected glooms, golden sunrises appear suddenly and spread from end to end"

(Translated from Bengali)

A. E. (LATE GEORGE W. RUSSEL.) You have the root of poetry in you. I can see...that your poetry has changed in its character, and your mind and imagination, probably as the result of mystic concentration and meditation, now points only to the Great Spirit" (In a letter to the Author dated 25th May 1935)

ALICE MEYNELL. It is exceedingly intersting to me to see such a meeting of Eastern and Western imagination as I think your poetry brings about.

LAURENCE BINYON Your verse will find its way because it is truely poetical. I think your command of English is wonderful.

PADRAIC COLUM. All the poems in the book are delightful and it is amazing to me that you, coming out of another tradition, have been able to get such spontaneous verse-forms in English.

HAROLD CHILDE. You do not need now to be told that your use of English is really remarkable and that you make of it a live language to which you can add something of your own which perhaps no English man born could contribute. Works like yours is specially refreshing and cheering at a time when very much English Poetry is confined to a rather harsh and defiant materialism. I keep opening the book anew and always light on something beautiful and deep.

JAMES H. COUSINS. This young Indian poet.........shows the way at the beginning of this century out of the deep valleys of gloom and uncertainty into the sunlight and elevation of inner realisation of divinity.

S. FOWLER WRIGHT. Perhaps.........the time may come when the miners of a distant day will search amidst the dross of the early part of this century, and find some disregarded lyric gold.......And it is in such circumstances that the work of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya will be assured of the recognition that it deserves but has scarcely reached, today..................And what Conard did in English Prose, it may be high praise, and yet not too high, to say that Chattopadhyaya is doing in English Poetry to-day. No one of any soundness of Literary judgment can read his work whether in Lyric or Dramatic form without recognising that it shows an unusual mastery of English Verse forms, and yet that it is something other than imitation—English Poetry.

QUARTERLY REVIEW. LONDON. We are able to congratulate Mr Chattopadhyaya on the facility with which he uses the English Language. His aim as a poet is rightly ambitious and the joy with which he sings of the Infinite is, indeed, praiseworthy.

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*The Rider's shadow is purple*
*On the mountain-path that winds*
*Far and out of the weary world*
*Of shadowy minds.*

*Bearing the great burden*
*Of bundled suns on his back*
*He keeps on silently journeying*
*On some unknown track.*

*The wind is blowing round him*
*Like a mystical breath of chimes*
*Celebrating an event which men shall know*
*In coming times.*

*Where does he come from? Where is he going?*
*What is the Rider's name?*
*Nobody knows. He casts a purple shadow*
*From a stallion of flame.*

## SHAPER SHAPED.

In days gone by I used to be
A potter who would feel
His fingers mould the yielding clay
To patterns on his wheel;
But now, through wisdom lately won,
That pride has died away,
I have ceased to be the potter
And have learned to be the clay.

In bygone times I used to be
A poet through whose pen
Innumerable songs would come
To win the hearts of men;
But now, through new-got knowledge,
Which I hadn't had so long,
I have ceased to be the poet
And have learned to be the song.

I was a fashioner of swords
In days that now are gone,
Which in a hundred battlefields
Glittered and gleamed and shone;
But now that I am brimming with
The silence of the Lord,
I have ceased to be sword-maker
And have learned to be the sword.

In other days I used to be
A dreamer who would hurl
On every side an insolence
Of emerald and pearl;
But now that I am kneeling
At the feet of the Supreme
I have ceased to be the dreamer
And have learned to be the dream.

## CYCLE.

My time goes by like music,
Pure music without words:
The eventide is mellow-dyed,
And O, the homing birds!

There is a music in silence
And a deep silence in song
And the twain combine in this heart of mine
All night and all day long.

In one sense I am lonely,
In another sense, I am not.
From sun to sun I meet no one,
But then, I dwell like a dot

In strange unmeasured spaces
Controlling such an intense
High crowd of dream drawn to a supreme
White-fire circumference.

My time goes by like music
Rich with inaudible bars:
The night is here, O Charioteer,
And O, the great wheel of stars!

## WHITE CLOUD.

O'erhead, in the pale azure, drawn
By some old painter's brush,
A single white cloud sails, a swan
Through a suspense of hush.

I see it move, a captive pause,
In firmaments which keep
An inward beauty that withdraws
Behind a vast of sleep.

Sail on, O cloud-swan, slowly sail
Beyond the utmost tinge
Of thought, beyond the coloured veil
Flaunting the sky for fringe.

And let the sun, a drop of gold,
Be suddenly revealed
Beneath your plumes, a wound of old
That never shall be healed.

## THE SHEPHERD.

My soul is a shepherd
Leading the sheep of hours
Silverly across wide silences
Strewn with singing flowers.

He is driving his lonely
Old grey-silver sheep
Towards the solitary fold
Of inward-shining sleep.

They are gathered slowly
Into the soundless fold
Where they are long rows of silver
Washed in hushed gold.

## SAPPHICS.

I am one who travel through dreams forever,
Faith my staff and love my undwindling lantern,
With my own lone shadow for comrade climbing
Summit on summit.

No one knows the secret and winding pathways
I have trod through windy and woeful weathers,
I have stood in the storm and striven with lightning
And overcome it.

Mile on mile of naked and lonesome roadway
And no voice to be heard or of bird or of being.
Bared of all save One in the soul I have wandered
Through death and danger;

Year by year a wonder has waxed within me,
Month by month I have flowered to a deeper vision;
Day by day I have grown in the truth of the spirit
To earth, a stranger.

Now and then I have melted into rare marvels
Of new sight which left all creation unbodied,
Earth became a vanishing flame that was clay-void,
Sky became domeless;

When I felt of a sudden that I who had travelled
Lone and long without or home or relation
Reached at last a spacious rest, and the spirit
Was no more homeless.

I am one who travel through glows forever,
Truth my staff and life my unfailing lantern,
With my bright light-shadow for comrade climbing
Peaks that are climbless.

See me go from silence to deeper silence
Song by song bird-marking a cloudless azure,
I have learned to make each transient moment
Home of the Timeless.

## CAPTURE.

I have caught rhythm, a bird of air,
And put it into a cage of breath,
And now, my soul! why should we care
For that shadow of time called death?

It sings wild songs of the upper sky
Where the gold and silver vanish and leave
A master-space that passes by
The noon-fringe of high eve.

From a dim bough of One empearled
With fruited fires in His autumn-trance
My bird of air in its prison-world
Swings above dark expanse.

Eternities below are swayed
By the force of its voice whose magic pull
Draws them heavenward, shade upon shade,
To the moon-soul at its full.

The clamourous billows leap conjoint
In an effort to reach the wizard bars:
Swing, my bird! from point to point
And draw a drunk graph of stars.

## LYRIC.

Through the window blows the wind
From dim mountains far away:
Body of clay,
Many-lighted, many-inned!

Yonder rises the still round
Of the moon that bubbles up:
Body's cup
Brimming over with soundless sound!

Night comes on with shadow and sleep,
Music of eternity:
Body of me
Seranading to the deep!

## CARAVAN

Deserts of human weariness
Where the suns are blinding and hot
Covered slowly by pale and slender-throated
Camels of thought,

Camels of drowsed contemplation
Seeking strange desert-wells
And breaking the slumbrous desert–air
With invisible bells.

To what far places of pilgrimage
Do they turn,—in their tread
The utter loneliness of all life between
Daybreak's and sundown's red?

All is an endless blur of fire–gold
Shot out to a million glares.
The slow and solitary aeons are only
Dim footfalls of theirs.

Breaklessly in a long silent line
Horizonward the camels seem
To move, ever move, casting cool shadows
Like to bodies of dream.

## INTERPRETERS.

Emerald sun of blinding naught!
In a glowworm you are caught.

Ocean! you have found a prop
In an eyelike water-drop.

Rainbow! you are being explained,
By a pearl, interior-stained.

Wind who blow o'er wave and wild
Tutored by a breathing child!

Thunder with your storm and stir
Bill-taught of a wood-pecker!

O divine Infinity
Who have come to school in me!

## WAYFARING.

The road and I are friends,
Old, old friends who run
Without moving, to the ends
Of earth, under the sun,

Under the moon, the stars,
Morning, noon and night,
And nothing ever bars
Our wedded high delight.

The road is lone and long,
Footfall-unmated, mute,
But one whose life is a song,
And one whose soul is a flute,

What does he care at all?
The thought of self surmounted,
A goal is in each footfall
And the steps are never counted.

The sky on every side
Bends down in a blue prayer,
And my vision is sun-eyed
In the depths of a crystal air;

I see my road run plain,
I see the illumined goal,
And now both beauty and pain
Have grown to one in my soul,

No discipline I own
Except the Inner One's;
I came to the world alone,
And now on the road that runs

Like a lonely band of trance
I go alone to That
Which the mightiest expanse
Is only playing at.

## QUEST.

Each thought is as a shell that leaps from me
And falls upon the shifting sands of time;
Within its little hollow what sublime
High murmuring of what many-mooded sea
Resounds rich-echoed and continually?
Thrice exquisite lone nursling of the chime
Of unseen oceans that through aeons climb
Self-builded peaks of waves supremely free
To take whatever changing form they like,
To curve into a momentary dome
Breaking into an epic of white foam
Dumbly to vanish into depths, or strike
Immortal harmonies of some great deep
Concealing under wakefulness a giant sleep,

I seek true liberation, and I crave
A luminous unbondaging from code
And formula, for I would take the road
Of an immense vast rapture, like a wave
Which knows no inward rhythm of ocean save
The individual one unto it owed
For its high nature that has ever glowed
Under such mystic moons as pearl and pave
Shoreless immensities. It never bore
Time's inky shadow on its heaving vast
Rolled there where time has never a shadow cast;
O moon within! I sense you more and more
Drawing each mood of mine towards a full
Wave-peak as image in response to your white pull.

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## MASK

Beyond your many-coloured moods I bear
The flowering white monotony of foam,
The diamond dimness of the domèd air
And the deep Mood which silence makes its home.

In me, the Timeless, time forgets to roam
Drunk with my poise, grown sudden unaware,
Offering up its noontide and its gloam
Withdrawn in a lost attitude of prayer.

I have grown illimitably alien
To the brief gaudiness of time and space,
A thing immortal beyond mortal ken,
Evasive essence that you cannot trace.
Here, even here, amidst a crowd of men,
I hide the light behind a human face.

## NIRVANA

There is a deep dark well that lies
Behind the brightly-brimming eyes;
For centuries it has been there
Under a curve of golden air
Flushed with a magic twilight-flush
That is the native hue of hush.
No single footfall breaks or stirs
Around it, and no flight occurs
Of merry bird, the sudden mood
Of One shot out of solitude.
All is an everhanging calm
As though it were a curvèd palm
Whose lines of destiny are done,
Cancelled, and not a single one
To bind the air down to a weight
Of human circumstance and fate.
It lies as terrible as death
And still there is a sense of Breath
Above, below, around, which seems
To blow out of extinguished dreams
And yet not move an inch of peace,
A Breath that knows its own release
From the old measure unto which
It beat and trembled, pale or rich.
A deep dark well under a space
Suggestive of some lover's face,
A lover's face when it is lost
In reverie,–when it has crossed
The boundaries of sense and sight

And changed into a thing of light,
Pure light without a bend or line,
A large sensation, as of wine,
Flowing through every vein on earth
And yet surpassing death and birth,
A giant vacancy that lives
Retired from beauty, and forgives
Each thing that on the other side
Of eyes works out its little pride
Of painted glory and escapes
Once more into a state of shapes
Dissolved and changed into a flame
Burning above the body's claim,
A darkly-listening vast whose dim
Shadow is life, a depth of Him
Who is immobile lustre grown
Into a dark divine Alone.

## DEEPS

Two clouds met in the sapphire round
Of a lone sky where no bird has been.
Two clouds met with a shining sound
Of some unheard music floated between.
When your eyes gazed into mine and found
The reflex there of their own profound,
I wonder what heavens dipped down and drowned
In what strange depths of their own serene.

Two birds met, sweet bill to bill,
With gaudy plumes in a deep sleep bowed,
While on the echoless, cuspèd hill
The crescent slept in the arms of a cloud.
When your palm upon my palm lay still
And your will wedded my lightless will,
I wonder what nature of raptured thrill
Tingled amidst the starry crowd.

Two sounds met in a belfry bell
Before they set out to journey abroad,
And O what a sweet sweet flowering smell
Rose like an incense out of the clod.
When deep deep down through your heart I fell
As a pebble falls and sinks in a well,
I wonder and wonder, but who can tell
What circles were stirred in the waters of God?

## SONNET.

I am at one with Thee beyond the reach
Of mine own self, yea, exquisitely one,
Being a part of Thee, all thought and speech
Are in the silent depths of Thee begun
Fused with Thine own in lambent union.
Ocean of consciousness! even as a beach
I lie before Thee, rhythmical with each
Wave-break under the moon, under the sun.

Into the spaces out of Thee I start
Winged and immortal in a heavenward dive,
Reverberate pulsation of Thy heart
Which keeps the universe aware, alive:

Deep-rooted in Thy breakless ecstasy,
Belovèd, I have grown from Thine to Thee.

## THE LONELY TRAMP.

Where are you going, tramp!
With your feeble broken lamp
On this night of loneliest nights?

To meet the Light of Lights.

Poor tramp! your naked staff
Makes everybody laugh,—
You know they laugh at you?

I am sorry that they do.

Tell us, can you not change
Your motley wild and strange,
Your many-coloured shoes?

Ask clouds to change their hues.

Half minstrel and half monk!
Come, tell us, are you drunk?
If so what wine is yours?

The same as in your heart pours.

Wandering shadow, say!
Do the stones on the way
Not hurt you now and then?

You forget that stones aren't men.

Men hurt you? what do you do
Whenever they hurt you
And spit on your garment-hem?

I love, and pray for them.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE DEEP.

1

Salutation to you, great Spirit of the Deep!
Before your radiant altars I place with trembling hand
The sun-red fruits of my waking, the moon-white flowers of my sleep,
I know you will accept them, and understand.

I have been very lonesome through the myriad years
Of far unceasing quest, but now I do rejoice
To behold athwart the mournful rain-mists of tears
The heaven-circling rainbow of your voice.

Grant me the boon, O Spirit of the Deep!
To dream high dreams forever, and offer them to you.
Kindle through the changing darks of waking and of sleep,
O quiet Spirit of the Deep! come through!

2

From what unearthly regions
Of the deep hushed mind
Come these wingèd legions
Of fire and snow and wind?

Blown like to images
By the Breath, these dumb
Hosts through dim ages
Flower and fleet and come.

Through fair and windy weathers,
Distant, yet clear,
Light as charmèd feathers
These hosts appear.

Swiftly sped their splendour
In one sky-tossed
White flame of last surrender
And holocaust.

Heroic taciturnity!
Glittering spears
They bear, of eternity,
Whose tips are years.

3

White depths float in a dream of heights
And the whole world round is a lonely being.
There is an exquisite dance of lights
On the edge of my seeing.

Wherever I cast my gaze I find
A marvellous oneness with my own soul.
How like a hovering shadow the mind
Lies at the goal.

I will yet conquer the delicate shades
Of truth that wanders along the hill
Of life and substance, whereupon fades
Thy crystalline Will.

I am a seeker seeking along
The grey chill ways the ultimate blush
That is marriage of me, through marriage of song,
With the ultimate hush.

4

The sparrows twitter among the twigs,
The squirrels bite at the fruit:
In the uncanny silence they share
My heart has taken root.

One with their flickering rhythms, one
With their tireless stir and chirp
A kingdom of unseen mystery
In Silence usurp.

The living questions of One they seem
Whose answers man may guess
Only by becoming a part
Of their awful loneliness.

5

Creation stands etched
Against my horizoned states,
And the cloven blues between yon clouds
Are the burning waits

Betwixt two difficult dreams,
The fire-hued interim
Glimpsed between two far
Self-shrouded secrets of Him.

Whatever I see or hear,
Touch or experience,
Happens fleetingly, sombrely
Against mine own Immense.

Measurelessly I move
In the depths of things
Wearing whole horizons of jewelled hush
Like to marriage rings.

6

We come on earth awhile
Built out of half
Tearhood and half smile,
Life is a drouth
And time its mouth
With a scarlet laugh.

The cloud floats,
The stag runs,
In the birds' throats
The song is brief:
Leaf after leaf
Wither the suns.

Brother! who knows
Why things at all
Come to a close?
Or life should taste
Such meaningless haste,
This rise and fall?

On the grey stones
The waves dash,
Diamond thrones
Shattered to bits;
On the fire sits
The demon of ash.

The days go by
Silver or rose,
Glimmers the sky
For a while and dims,
And in our limbs
A slumber grows.

7

Floating it goes over the dim sea,
A fleet of silvery ships
Under a brooding sky that bears the burden
Of the moon's eclipse.

The waters are wild, and the cold waves
Heave under the arc
Of the heavy lonelinesses a-crying
Out of elemental dark.

Horizons echo on every side
Into inky hues of eclipse,
But O, the slow sad majesty on the waters,
My fleet of steady ships!

8

Soul ! we have taken leave
Of outer dawn and eve,
For now the white star spins
And a deep strange night begins.

The space hath grown aware
Of new enchanted air
And would, unnoticed, toil
At lights that close and coil.

Lights that are serpent scales
Glimpsed past a million veils,
The serpent full of drouth,
Its tail-tip in its mouth.

9

Sweet heart-fires burn
Along the edge of the hours
And on the being cast
A flame of flowers.

Still, very still
I sit and sense the eyes
Plucking from giant farness
Intimate replies.

Out of me something runs
Wisdom-shod and seems
To go even beyond
My farthest dreams.

Half-lights and shadows
And half-shadows throng
Round the silences that make
The breaths of my song.

## 10

Life sat upon a grey tombstone
And played upon his flute,
Life sat alone and played alone
When all the air was mute.

The flute he played was magical,
A flute of many holes
Which resurrected all around
The free, departed souls.

Swiftly they entered into form,
The house of life and breath,
And found that life had lured them with
A tune on the flute of death !

## 11

In the great pride of being a singer
Of the spirit high
Let me not forget sometimes
To give a place in my rhymes
To the little lonely things that linger
Forlorn, under the sky.

Not only to the stars and the seven-
Coloured bow, and the girth
Of space with all its fires lit
Deep in the depths of blue Infinite,
Nay, not only to sparkling heaven
But also to sorrowing earth.

Song is my bow, so let me bend it
And send the dart
Of vision, raylike piercing through
A grain of dust and a drop of dew,
Let me touch a pale worm and lend it
The seer's own heart.

12

Each day passes mystically by
Like to a lonely surge,
Leaving me, under an ever-widening sky,
On the dreamless verge

Of inwardness divorced entirely now
From the dark hollow tide
Of moments which assume in me, somehow,
A vastness, lonely-eyed,

Gazing with hueless taciturnity
Athwart a world of grief,
Nakedly shivered to an eternity
Of faery mood in leaf.

13

Is the way lonely, traveller?
Is the way rough?
But surely you have a soul, and the soul is a flute
And that is enough!

Enough for a lonely traveller
Who only depends
On an inward music echoing towards ever-new
Horizon-ends.

14

Emerald flashed the tiger's eye
Which seemed to say, "I am
Essence of jewels ... ..." but its price
Was the pathetic sacrifice
Of the uncomplaining lamb.

15

Upon my spirit pulse and press
Wave, wind and cloud:
The sky is my loneliness,
The sea is my crowd.

Crowdedly, lonelily
The soul-ways I climb,
Both multitudes and none in me
At the same time.

Nobody shall ever guess
The twin-born aeoned quest
Wherein the feet are full of stress
But the heart full of rest.

## MEMORIES.

Calm memory is all that now remains
Of days that have departed one by one,
Sad, solitary days when every sun
That rose and fell was drawn out of my veins,
Like to a drop of blood, and blown across
Funereal spaces which assumed a loss
Of all significance, save that of grief
Learned from my heart through bitter years of strife;
But now, behold! a bare and hueless life
Has clothed itself in everlasting leaf
With springtide-colours rife.

Like unreal pictures thrown upon a screen
To my recalling mind they all come back,
Treading a broken and deserted track,
The sorrows and the pleasures that have been,
The shadows of the past which seem to be
Now but mere memories of memory;
Unladen of reality they pass
Before my tranquil vision like to strange
Phenomena of necessary change
Once happened, but now seen, as in a glass,
From some high mountain-range.

Pleasure, the dusky snake with rose-red eyes
Alluring life's unwary passers-by,
Casting its coilèd shadow on the sky;
See how its length of strange enchantment lies

Across the road that runs towards the goal,
Waiting to bite and poison heart and soul,
A snake with wild allurement ever young,
Envenomed purple in its cup of bliss,
Death's sudden music hidden in its kiss,
A dainty mouth closed on a cloven tongue
    Keen-flickering to a hiss.

Life is a dance behind the painted veil
In the long night which never knows a dawn,
Where all who dance grow wearied out and wan.
And lips are clammy-cold and lamps are pale;
Behind the music, wandering like waves,
The uncanny silence of unnumbered graves
Of thousands upon thousands who have led
Excited lives, forever trying to press
Towards a far mirage of emptiness,
Dying each single hour without being dead
    Under life's heavy stress.

And beauty, opening her harlot's door
Inviting the clean soul to enter in
To her dark chambers lit with lamps of sin,
Beauty, a red fruit rotten at the core;
Within her breast I can behold her hide
Unwritten tragedies of life inside,
Blood-stainéd agonies and black despairs,
A fleeting passion and the after-drowse
Heavy as death, lone-laurelling man's brows
With wretchéd memories and wrinkled cares
    Within a charnel-house!

And sleepless sorrow round whose weary head
Time sets an ever thicker crown of thorn,
The redness in her eyes reflects the morn
Athwart the heavens stained with cruel red;
One to her winkless sight are night and day,
For all around is as a blot of grey
Streaked here and there with blood, a gleam or twan
Of daybreak and the setting sun which seem
The wound-marks of some dull forgotten dream
Dreamed in the nightmare of a naked pain
    Stabbed by a ruddy gleam.

Once more the outer world I do behold,
The world of sobbing dark and throbbing dust,
The world of love and loneliness and lust,
Where, for a little pleasure, bread or gold,
The agelong soul is as a hostage held
And to a flesh-obedience compelled,
Until in gradual mists its glory sets,
Its truth grown captive of dull shibboleth,
And learns to draw the body's feeble breath,
Yea, and through self-estrangement soon forgets
    That it was lord of death!

I watch the ignorant dim world repeat,
Day after day, its ignorant old deeds,
Choked to the throat with lies and growing greeds,
Wearing a smile that knows to lure and cheat;
Men stab each other with a look, a word,—
Accumulated moans unheard and heard
Mount up through years and weave a palsied shroud

For the blue heavens and hide their splendours broad;
Through centuries, alas! the world has trod
Towards annihilation, in a cloud
Blotching the sun of God.

O what a blind and unbecoming game
The soul is forced to play, nor left to choose,
Where both the winner and the loser lose,
Where all the moves, though different, are the same.
A game of trivial longing, love and breath,
And all the players are in love with death;
Soon it is done and over, and within
A box of gloom the chequered chess-board lies,
Night cometh and the players close their eyes
For all shall lose and nobody shall win
Until the soul grows wise.

The secret of the game no one shall guess
Until above the body's life he knows
The spirit's conquering loveliness, and grows
Into the naked everlastingness
Which nor by pleasure nor by pain is stirred,
Being a hush that bears no human word
Nor deed nor dream nor passion as a burden,
Since it exists unto itself, a truth
That ages not, but, gifted with a youth
Won from the lonely Light of God as guerdon,
Its path is pure and smooth.

Yes, calm and golden is the spirit's path
Where not one idle shadow broods or grieves,

And many-footed mortal pleasure leaves
No impress of its pain as aftermath ;
All is a circling and immortal state
Of quiet expectancy which knows to wait
For the authentic moment when One gives
The real ecstasy and light as boon,
And clothed in faith self-woven, late and soon,
High, in a state of heaven, the spirit lives
Beyond the waning moon.

Beyond desire, and far above all grief,
A splendid bareness, undisguised and pure,
In an unfleeting Spring it doth endure,
A tree of vision evermore in leaf ;
And round its burgeoning the glad birds pipe
A melody which as a fruit is ripe,
And floating clouds above are carved of hush
By some invisible hand in the Immense,
The high-hung image of transfigured sense,
And God Himself, within, becomes a blush
Of first experience.

And yet each one evolves out of the dark,
A tremulous breath blown over the dim earth,
A helpless entity from birth to birth
That goeth blindly like a wandering spark
Impelled from faith to faith and doubt to doubt,
A spark withal which nothing shall put out
Until through mournfullest milleniums
Of lampless quest, assuming form and name,

It widens to a clear increasing flame
And passing into the one Flame becomes
One with it and the same.

The pain we suffer in the human form
Is but the brief inevitable price
We pay for the celestial sacrifice
Of the lone Peace that gave itself to storm,
Anguish and darkness in a space of time,
Mystic self-offering of the Sublime
That we may never hope to guess or gauge
Until we have outgrown the mind which bars
God, and emprisons Him behind the stars,
Enforcing Him to dooms of death and age,
And Truth's white beauty mars.

The soul must wander through a mist of tears,
Itself a sleepy cloud which moveth pale,
Veiling its energies behind a veil
Of place and circumstance and passionate years,
Seeking across a little void of thought
A vague far something, but it knows not what,
Until, in slow release, the inward eye
Opens and floods its greyness with a sight
That is a portion of the seeing Light
Glimpsed by the ancient seers from sky to sky
Through a slow-dawning night.

And on the way it cometh face to face
With red uncanny tempests blowing loud,
And sees the stripèd fire leap from the cloud

Like a keen-shot prophetic tongue of space,
And hears the wild wind, by dark anguish spurred,
Whistling through heaven like an ominous bird
Throated with flame and weighted with despair:
And yet the soul must evermore preserve
Its inner nature, and may never swerve,
Its faith reviving every time the air
Reveals the rainbow's curve.

But soon, assuming a deep surety
That life is more than laughter, song and speech,
Weeping and sombre silence, it doth reach
Its golden-born divine maturity
Where all the sadness and the joy that reigned
Are into the great Beauty self-explained;
Then life begins to know itself at last
As an immortal moving pyramid
Conscious of the arcane within it hid,
A pyramid of glow which does not cast
The shadow that it did.

Ah, then the soul is knowledge, wide and deep,
That asks no questions since it knoweth all;
It stands, the ripe fulfilment of the call
That called its light through ages out of sleep;
The falsehoods of duality are done,
Creator and creation change to one
Exquisite harmony where all things mark
The flawless measure with an equal poise,
A vision, in whose depths the rose enjoys
Itself through thorns, even as the light through dark,
Which nothing more destroys.

## TOWER

Out of the wild wind's riot
The Lover has built for me
A palace-tower of quiet
Which nobody can see.
It stands there mute and regal,
So very tall and straight
That it challenges the eagle,
The dusky eagle of fate.

Out of the dim grey crying
Of the water's restless roll,
Beyond the last veil of dying
The Lover has placed my soul.
So pure and tall is my tower
That naught which is dark dare climb
Nor ever a shadow cower,
An inky shadow of time.

Out of the din of thunder
And lightning's ruddy flame
Behold, my tower of wonder,
The tower without a name.
It is built in the heart's lone centre
Shut out from all struggle and strife,
O friend! before you can enter
You must shake off the dust of life.

Out of the clash and clangour
It standeth, a dream of light,
Unhurt by human anger

And freed of all human fight,
A tall white candle, kindled
At the altars of One whose glow
Has never darkened or dwindled
Like the myriad stars below.

Out of the crowded by-ways
The tower is built at length,
At the meeting of the sky-ways,
An image of lonely strength,
A lonely image of waiting
Filled full of a luminous power:
Beyond all loving and hating,
Beloved! I stand, thy tower.

The height of my tower is reachless
With a heaven-searching spire,
All space beyond space is speechless,
While higher and higher and higher
Like a golden will it rises,
To the sense of its height immune,
While around it are born surprises
Of a million-coloured tune:

Out of the tempest's bleeding
And out of the gale's loud threat
Where day comes not succeeding
Day with its rise and set,
For all sense of time is over
With its pleasure and pain and sin,
I dwell both the loved and lover
In the tower that is named Within.

## DROWSE-DEEPS.

Time and tide go sliding by me slowly,
One by one
Life's rainbow mists are spun;

One by one my thoughts grow white and holy
Like to wings —
Core of horizon-rings.

Days move onward, quietly agreeing
Each with each
Some perfect state to reach;

While a viewless garden in the being
Buds and blows
From seed-throb into rose.

Out of twilight, golden-hearted sleeper
Wrapt in dews,
Evolved this day of hues,

Till eve, a ruby-depth of God, grew deeper
And became
His diamond-depth of flame.

I watched this tender day. The dawn came pinking
Space with first
Signs of the daybreak's thirst...

Yea, hour by hour, the Spirit sat a-linking
Days to come
With the millennium

Fire-coloured, when the last earth-daylight paling
O'er a cold
World of death shall unfold

The prophet Dark athwart the heavens trailing
Crystal night
Bordered with living light.

Time and tide go gliding with a motion
Inly-drawn
To some wide rhythm of Dawn;

While the consciousness is like an ocean
Morn and eve,
Full with a magic heave.

## DESERT.

Floated noontides of spirit-austerities nakedly
burning on every side
While I stand like a straight tall tree in the
centre of Time, a desert bare,
High up, suspended, the full sun seems an image of
One
who is golden-eyed,
With shimmering beams for arrowy lashes which
pierce
like liquid points through the air.

Colour is swallowed up in the light that is golden-
white and intensely still,
And nothing in sight for miles and miles to shed a
cooling shadow around, —
All is as naked and all-incorruptible, steady and
wondrous-wide as His Will
And the desert-streches flow on like a music of
fiery gold with but light for sound.

Far away and beyond its fringes where sunset tinges
the
sky with red
Or the white moon drops like a single rose from the
slender stem of the fading night,
There is a spot that the pilgrim seeks, where the
caravan
rests, and the camel's tread
Is washed in rose-cool waters of dawn, and the last
prayer heard in the quiet light.

I stand like a tall straight viewless tree in the
centre of Time, a quivering waste
Of desert-austerity under the stars that climb the
horizon, chilly and weird,
But I am in love with the desert sky which is deeply
alone and poignant and chaste,
Where either at noon or night, I am steeped in a
deepful glow which no cloud has
bleared

Floated noontides quiver and pulse around me, each
like
a river that runs
From end to end of His Consciousness which in fullest
tide is eternally rolled:
On the crest of each wave that dances and goes is
the multiplied dance of a myriad
suns
Which are fieriest silver within a trance that has lost
itself in the fieriest gold.

## ILLUMINATION.

What hath a traveller with life's dispute
And troubled tangle holding it in thrall?
See, I am on the way, a simple flute.
Of living faith responding to thy call!
        I am no more afraid of darks
For suddenly I learn to understand
        The working of thy law.
Obedient to thy Will each footfall marks
A lonely journey towards some distant land
Without a trace of doubting or of awe;
        I see thy spark of sparks
Waiting to light the lantern in my hand.

Red laughters on the wind have died away,
Harsh words of anger vanish from the lips;
Pure fire hath now displaced the shadowy clay,
The soul's sweet heaven comes out of its eclipse
        And grows so wondrous blue and chaste;
The birds of truth are chanting on the trees
        Of mutual comprehension
Whose ripening fruits are by thy warmth embraced.
O what a golden paradisal ease
Reigns in the place where once there was a tension,
        Love's gardens grown to waste
Flower into comrade-wings in high ascension.

What greater miracles need I behold
Who in my human self have seen strange sights
Of charnel-grey transmuted into gold

And vaulted darkness breaking into lights?
    Who have in silence gazed along
The bare, scorched margin of unnumbered years
    And deemed that it was dead,
When suddenly a breath of living song
Blew over it and, like to eyes of seers,
Nourished its dearth into white blooms which shed
Scent-lustres that belong
To unimaginable atmospheres.

My love is clear as any altar-flame,
My faith is strong as any mountain-summit;
Sorrow may come to me, but all the same,
I have the inward power to overcome it.
    Out of old darkness I emerge
Radiantly and alone, and see the shore
    Twinkling before my eyes.
Within the heart I bear a heavenward urge
Which grows from day to day, from more to more.
Dwelling withdrawn within I realise
    Thy silence like a surge
Resounding as it never did before.

I have grown conscious, I am not afraid … …
My soul is cradled in a glow of rest:
Even thy dark denials may not dissuade
My tread from travel, since I live by quest.
    I cannot breathe except in thee,
O Beautiful whom I have always sought!
    Life after life, my soul
Has traced lone pathways of eternity

Veiled by the changing mists of dream and thought,
And now, at last, I seem to sense the goal;
    Reaching it, I shall be
A blended mystery of all and nought.

Behold me float upon a sea of sight
Heaving and glimmering horizonless;
My thoughts are resurrections washed in light
With their own nakedness for bridal dress.
    Boat upon boat of vision plies
Between the shoreless huge immensities
    Where no young sea-bird roams;
The air around is brimming with far eyes,
Waked visible essences of centuries,
Bubbles of seeing, while God's ocean foams
    And silently replies
Unto the spirit wandering at ease.

I am surrounded by dim-whispering tides
Of unseen evolutions rolling far.
Each heart-throb in my listening bosom hides
The drowsy undulation of a star,
    An Eye between the brows of One
Who through unceasing contemplation wins
    Vistas of raptured power
Dictating to the planet and the sun
New orbits and enormous disciplines
Driving all life to godhood hour by hour;
    New heavens are begun
Through every skyward effort that begins.

While, in the hush, the sounds of seraph-lyres
Echo insistently and flood the space,
My veins keep flowing with ethereal fires,
Dissolving lightness beams out of my face
    Until unto myself I seem
An elemental happening, no age
    May measure, and no clime.
The dreamer in a dream within a dream
Grows unsubstantial and forgets to gauge
His timeless ecstasy in place and time.
    All breath, in a supreme
Life-liberation, leaves the heavy cage.

The soul that knows, within its own self bears
Immediate fulfilment of its ache;
It has no need for rosaries and prayers
Once it grows conscious and becomes awake.
    For then, whatever was a guess
Inscrutable and dark-interpreted,
    Unfolds to meanings plain;
Immutablity of loveliness
Carrying all the heavens overhead,
It walks untroubled through time-depths of pain;
    But it may not express
Through days the fullest measure of its tread.

Self-bound, self-limited, it goes its ways,
Through intricatest labyrinths of life;
Its own eternal sacrificed to days,
It bends beneath life's agony and strife;
    The clamour and the hollow clang

Of mortal things forever break around
    Its secret tranquil state;
But all unseen its myriad banners hang
Already in the conquering profound
Of its high patience, date by date,
    Pang upon earthly pang
Wherethrough a deepening Beauty is unbound.

My soul! be still, and like a golden bird
Go on your trackless journey till you reach
That silence which has never known a word,
That hush which has not yet experienced speech;
    And when you have arrived and grown
Familiar with those new realms of light,
    Come through the howling black
Of blind sad worlds where each one is alone,
And bring for them the gift of deeper sight,
And let nobody know when you come back,
    A soul no more my own
But part of a gigantic depth and height.

## REUNION.

If there were no farewell at all,
Belovèd ! if there were no farewell,
We would not have heard the coloured call
From the plume of a bird or a shell.
It is just because of a farewell note
That thou art able to set a-float
Yon cloud in the sky like a sailing-boat
To what shore, none can tell !

Belovèd ! if there were no good-bye,
Creation would never have been begun,
Thou couldst not have shed from the evening sky
The wonderful red of the sun !
I am certain that what we call the world
Is a long good-bye to thyself unfurled,
Revolved in a solitude, countless-pearled,
Which thou bearest, lonely One !

A high self-severance on thy part
Hath floated the images everywhere:
Whether it be in the human heart
Or the wandering sea, or the air !
Since colour itself at first occurred
When thy sorrow of self-separation stirred,—
And colour is only another word
For the loneliness thou dost bear !

When thou didst break thyself into shapes
Of light and of warmth, and honeys and hues,

In emerald clusters glimmered the grapes,
Like limpid lustres, the dews:
Dawn-splendours streamed, noon-shadows ran,
And the dove was as white as thy thought in man,
While the peacock, time's gaudiest mood, began
To publish its golds and blues.

With a sapphire sound and a silver hiss
The sea-waves lengthen and coil and break:
Printing the deep with kiss upon kiss
With the spring and the leap of a snake.
And the sea-mews wheel and the sea-mews cry
To some Beloved beyond the sky,
" We are sure we shall meet you by and by
When out of ourselves we awake !"

My loneliest Love ! when the sun dips down
And vanishes, fringing a cloud or two
With a deep fire-red or a copper-brown
A swift while shed on the blue:
The liquid treble of one lone bird
In the green evening hush is heard,
Like a single reiterated word
Of a peace that is coming true.

For what was a separation once
Shall grow to a union very soon,
And my thirst leap up in a wild response
To drain the white cup of the moon:
The silence within me taking root

Is ripening into a rounded fruit,—
Thy self-separation in me like a flute
Is playing a marriage-tune!

Everywhere that I gaze I find
A sense of exquisite rest at last!
And learn to rejoice in my deepest Mind
And the slow deep voice of the vast:
No more do shapes and shadows press
On the universe with a parting stress,
Since now in thy single consciousness
Mine own is tranquil-glassed!

## SONNETS.

### (1)

Thine is the music of unuttered words:
"Reach out to me, O soul! through sounds and shapes,
For I have fixed our meeting in the birds,
And I have lit our marriage-lamps in grapes.
Ancestral guests are seated in the flowers
While Inner Stillness plays the wedding-pipe:
Reach out to me, O being built of hours!
Reach out, for my Eternity is ripe!"

Voiceless Ineffable beyond all speech!
I know Thee in each atom, and rejoice
That all around me is a way to reach,
In reachless rapture, towards Thy bridal choice:
The Lover and Belovèd, each to each,
Already vow in me without a voice!

(2)

My visions soar upon Thy cloudless Breath
In a white line of rhythm, even as cranes
That, journeying out of a land of death,
Move toward the land of Light that never wanes;
Out of the pendulous shadows of the night,
Beyond time's boundary, with tireless beat,
Snow-images tinged with the rose-red light,
They speed, white cranes with dawn-ensanguined feet.

Responding to Thy clear, unvisioned call
Beyond all wings that seem and flights that are,
Say, will these cranes of vision reach at all
Some high-held destination fixed afar
Between the morn-rise and the even-fall,
Between the evening-star and morning-star?

(3)

Sorrow is as a sword of fire that leaves
A cleansing gash upon the slipping soul,
Its edge of ruthless glitter only cleaves
The clogged existence, ere it render whole
What would, or else, in the low glooms remain.
Swiftly the striking Hand in rapture moves
Dealing fierce blow on blow of death and pain
To free the universe from habit-grooves.

Life stands for ever on the darkling verge
Of some new day-break just about to brim
Out of the darkness like a silver urge
Of the far-flamèd wings of seraphim:
Welcome, O darkness! shadow-shape of Scourge!
Welcome, O starless mask of dawning Him!

(4)

Breathless, I watch the miracles occurred
At every step of life beneath Thy Gaze,
Of all things satisfied, events deferred,
Of mighty swiftnesses and slow delays.
Strange miracles I have both seen and heard
Crowding eternities into my days.
I have become a miracle of bird
Flying towards Thee in a hundred ways.

Silence, my lips! let no word spoil or mar
The ecstasy which the deep heart hath felt
Until all nearness vanished to a far
Vision of God's own Neighbourhood, and dwelt
Inly in wondrous intimacy, and smelt
Its own flowered sweetness floated from a star.

(5)

Athwart gigantic silence like a cry,
A concentrated echo rimmed and rolled
Out of eternity into a sky,
Fruit-ripe, a perfect moon of honey-gold
Slowly within the being went climbing by,
Ingathered blossom-lustre, full aud cold,
As though it were the solitary reply
By listening Immensity controlled.

Not a ray scattered, nor dim vapour curled
Around self-held effulgence set a-float
Along the consciousness at last unfurled.
Wide calm of uncreated ages smote
Into a single fixed, yet travelling world
Of naked splendour steady as a note.

(6)

Indolently, it floateth like a barge
Along the wastes of wakefulness that keep
Tryst with divine unfathomable sleep
Horizoned with Unheaving on whose marge
Strange moon-edged clouds of vision looming large
Lazily rise mysterious from the Deep,
Rare merchandise it beareth to the steep
Under a steering Helmsman's heavenly charge.

Void-voyaging, the Spirit slowly learns
Aetherial ways on the uncharted seas
Of consciousness whose viewless waves and turns
Are its luxuriant play of placid ease
That, in a mastered movement, inly churns
Thy several-silenced god-eternities.

( 7 )

The drunk horizon like a diamond glowed
Draining the last drop of the ruby-red
Glow of the evening's mellow fierihead
Of star-grapes growing round Thy far Abode:
With silence of experience as a load
Upon his back, fresh music in his tread,
Appears out of the shadows of the dead,
Aliving traveller on a lonely road.

The body speaks the Spirit's mother-tongue
Interpreting divinity afar:
The consciousness is as a twilight hung
With the white, limpid utterance of a star
From which all lights and distances are sprung,
Point-secret of intensities that are !

( 8 )

You will not understand me, Life of Earth!
Although you shaped my limbs and gave me breath
And, cramping me within a cage of birth,
Gave me as time-born hostage unto death;
And though with brief wild boons of bloom and cloud
You thought to hold these eyes in time-control,
Making each mood of mine a living shroud,
You have not touched my high-born heavenly soul.

See, I am grown immortal in a day!
Risen out of your shadow-carven urn
Of sorriest death-vulnerable clay,
Behold! I am a dream of gold who burn
For travellers to worship on the Way,
Appearing to their sight at every turn.

(9)

I am at one with Thee, beyond the reach
Of mine own self,—yea, exquisitely one.
Being a part of Thee, all thought and speech
Are in the silent depths of Thee begun
Fused with Thine own in lambent union:
Ocean of Consciousness! even as a beach
I lie before Thee rhythmical with each
Wave-break under the moon, under the sun.

Into the spaces out of Thee I start
Winged and immortal in a heavenward dive,
Reverberate pulsation of Thy heart
Which keeps the universe aware, alive:
Deep-rooted in Thy breakless ecstasy,
Belovéd, I have grown from Thine to Thee.

## GRAPH

Until your consciousness has learned to be
A blue and passionless infinity
Of Truth's essential firmament,
Let it content
Yourself to be a mountain, gazing at
The flood of light above. But even that
Were no small matter, as it might appear:
A mountain? why! it is God's difficult graph
Wrought to a master-outline, bold and clear,
Against the vast horizon, the superb
Dark undulation of His secret laugh
Flowing like solid wavelines that disturb
No inch of circling golden atmosphere.
Ere one can be a mountain one must curb
Both depth and height to an extreme design
Of adamantine purpose, every line
And curve and angle meeting to create
Its giant reticence supremely great.
Each depth at one with the high-scaling crest
Which it doth aye suggest,
Each summit conscious of the depth from which
It hath arisen rich;

Depression one with elevation in
A terrible harmonious discipline,
Combining to attain the image proud
Of the established mountain which doth wear
The rainbow as a ring, the lightning-cloud
Like a gold-broidered turban woven of air;
Gripping the agonising dark despair

Of depth into the vision of the height,
To marry the mournful contraries of mood
Into a miracled unmeasured sight
Of unscalable and sky-neighbouring solitude,
Vision of equanimity to mark
God's boundary-vigil equally in the light
And the star-widowed solitary dark.

## SONG-HUSH

The Vision works in high, miraculous ways,
Through simple speeds and intricate delays,
Moving eternally towards a goal
Above its own conception, since the Soul
Is the immortal Possible that ever
Exceeds its own expressional endeavour
Throuh word and image, mood and movement, being
An ever-widening sight beyond all seeing.
With a chance look upon a morn of gold
I break it into chasms that unfold
A richer tinge, whether through sudden gaps
Of wandering cloud, or lapse on faery lapse
Of its unconscious ethers. See me cleave
The molten silence of the silver eve
Into a deeper silver that is wrought
Into a self-gripped concentrated dot
Echoed to galaxies which seem to be
The space-result of mine own reverie.
O Inspiration ! thou art as the blush
Of the sky–virgin waiting on the verge
Of the first conscious urge
Of ripening fullness, warmed into the bliss
Of a first nuptial kiss.
Fresh as the sun's rathe glow which doth belong
To the lone Lover of the million eyes
Veiled by the early skies,
You burn upon the cheek of maiden Song
Whom, with the utmost care, I lead to Him
With the colour of mood a-flush ;

Incessantly the musics rise and throng
My running time-sense, like unto the gush
Of naked waterfalls without a stop,
The white-souled virgins of some mountain-top
Piercing beyond the heavens that burn and brim
With splendent and inviolable rush
As of sea-waves excited aye to be
The bridal rhythms of a measureless sea ;
Songs, foaming into beauty, full and lush,
Tide after tide come dancing forth to me.
O Song! I love you, not because you free
Some portion of my being's melody,
But for the ever–deepening fact
That you are packed
With quality of your own after-hush.

## VEILS OF ETHER

As I watched the waters in their spangled dance
Deep and lone
Rich with timeless monotone
Of unfathomed mysteries,
I experienced in me the lit expanse
Of your will, the master-hold on many seas!

As I watched the noontide flowing like a bare
River-sheet
Running, as it were, to meet
Some enormous ocean–blaze,
Suddenly, I seemed within to grow aware
Of the burning emptiness of other days.

As I watched the rose-horizon ring the space
Round, this eve,
Outwardly I could perceive
Or, at least, but faintly guess
How the roseal glow upon your angel face,
Circling, warms the fringes of my consciousness.

As I watched the white moon mellowed out of night,
Through the heaven,
Aureoled with tinges seven,
I could sense the image mute
Of your moon-white grace of growing autumn light
Ripen, in the being's orchard into fruit.

As I watched the star-dots twinkling in the skies
High above,
Kindled by some lonely Love,
I could hear the voiceless hum
Of my cells, predestined into opening eyes
Prophesying your Beauty on strange earths to come.

## NOSTALGIA

Into the valley of sleep, grey white and dim,
The soul has passed, there where the hours brim
Like palest vapours wandering strangely still
Over the voiceless summit of a hill;
Drowse-drunken birds of weariness have crossed
Their wings in twilight, and are shadow-lost.
Voices of muffled flame are cleaving through
The colourless and many-hanging dew
Of time suspended in a breathless pause;
The operation of effect and cause
Exists not there, nor do the cycles spin
Incessantly. All is a bare within
Of naked self-erasure, wherein drops
Time like a withered seed of death and stops
Suddenly, blossom-cancelled. Skies have shed
Their quivering veils of silver, gold and red
And bared their bosom to the scorching state
Of an ineffable fire to expiate
The errors of the old and hoary earth,
Time's mistress, broken with excessive birth
And dissolution. All my soul has grown
Intensely heavy, sorrowful, alone,
As though it had a-sudden come across
A vision of incalculable loss,
Through countless centuries, of depths and heights
Wasted, and the extinguished Light of Lights!
And yet, I bear the knowledge that a veil
But covers up the beauty that grows pale
In the entire universe, and seems

To lend it a yet richer scope for dreams.
Unpublished and unreckoned let it lie,
My dreaming soul, under a moon-pale sky
Of a tremendous slumber that grows deep,
It will awake the better for the sleep.

## TOUCHSTONE

It is not by the songs that I sing that you measure
my love,
But lo, by the silence I keep when my songs are
withdrawn;
For the being must be as a heaven that bendeth above,
An equal tranquillity both through the night and the
dawn.

It is not by the flight that I make when the wings
are outspread
That you fathom my power, but the calmness with
which I receive
The hour of wings that are closed, when your light
overhead
Withdraws and announces the state of a passionless
eve.

It is not by the joy I evince when the spaces are gold
That you measure my soul with so much of your
vision endowed,
But the peace that I hold when the spaces are bitterly
cold
And cloven with thunder and lightning and covered
with cloud.

## MIRACLE

Thou hast made my life as full as a river,
As full as a river that flows to the sea,
Filling its tides, O Rhythm-Giver!
With a wide wonderful rhythm of thee.
Morning and evening, early and late,
The river goes seeking its ocean-mate,
Singing one only song, " Can I wait
When the ocean, my lover is calling to me ?"

Thou hast flooded the heart with a never-dwindling
Splendour of dawn that is sweet beyond words.
Deep in the bosom thy silence is kindling
A magical light that glimmers and girds
Some distant horizon unseen and afar
Caught up to a point in thee, Morning-star!
The moments of time, dripping into me, are
But warbled notes of angelical birds.

I am tingling forever with innermost glory
That blooms like a roseal vision of fire —
Thou art working each atom of me to a story
Of high-born experience seeking a higher.
Thou dwellest within me, a-striking inside
But visions that matter and dreams that abide.
Already I feel that my being is dyed
In thy hues of the deathless, O deathless Dyer!

Around me the shades of the earth go changing,
The colours of sky, brief-blossoming, fade,
On heights of the Spirit my thoughts go ranging

Like eagles of gold, untouched, unafraid.
See how the whole world glitters and gleams!
With the reflexed effulgence of my lone dreams!
After all, my Belovèd! it clearly seems
That my soul for high summits alone was made.

They come and they go, the earth's dim creatures,
Mere shadows of fate that pass me by,
With pain in their footfalls and death in their features,—
I move like a silence twixt cry and cry.
For this body of mine, once sorrowful earth,
Through thy touch has undergone a re-birth;
The flowers of its moods have assumed a worth
That only thy grace can grant, O Sky!

Thou hast emptied my life of its death and flooded
Its waiting hollows with life new-sown
Which here, in the midst of decays, hath budded
To starry ecstasies of the Unknown
That hast made me so silent, so wondrous mute,
That now thou canst play on my flesh like a flute,
The tune of the One and the Absolute
Whose each tone echoes thy master-tone.

## ETERNAL CONSCIOUSNESS

A cloud of gold is balanced by
Yon naked purple hill,
The sleep of woods is silver
And the moon is white and chill.

Sweet colour after colour
Comes streaming through the air,
But I wonder if the Master
Of all beauty is aware.

I wonder if within his far
Undetailed wide repose
He is conscious that his depth is split
Into a rubied rose?

I doubt if he is conscious
That the evening stars, which brim
The growing dark, are uttered
From the voicelessness of him.

And does he hear the waters
Running along the world
Under the dawn-diamonded
Heavens or eve-empearled?

And does he feel within himself
The pale occasional gleam
A-flickering on the margin of
Our lesser human dream?

Perhaps he does not know, perhaps
Knowing, he does not care
To notice lesser loveliness
Intruding everywhere.

## THE SPIRIT'S TOIL

The patient Spirit toils without a word
Moulding eternities of pulseless dark
Into the finished beauty of a bird,

A twisted shell, a purple wave, a shark
Shooting through green translucencies which heave
In the wide ocean. To ensure a mark

Of mauve upon a stone, and in the eve
The lonely lustre of the evening star,
How silently the Spirit must believe

In its own labour! Unmonotonous are
Its rich-recurrent masterful designs:
The palest worm in moments wears a far

Resplendence as of seerhood in its lines
And shades and movements, distantly controlled,
Its unseen rhythms flowing like glinted wines.

If only we had vision to behold
The universe in every speck and spot
We would discover mysteries untold

Since all that flows around us is but thought
Projected through a prism of inner sight
Which is the keen austerity that ought

To robe the Spirit toiling day and night;
It only is another name for power,
For everlasting beauty, joy and light.

Spirit! abide with me, from hour to hour
Leading me towards thine enchanted goal
Lit through the mists of distance like a flower.

Grant me the wisdom of a self-control
Which lends to all around a shining soul.

## ECSTASY.

Wanderer! the wind hums,
The river rises afar,
Outside, the night comes
Without any star.

But O, what joy is this
That you hide apart,
What Light's infinite kiss
In the depths of the heart?

What high measures beat,
While you walk on the way,
In every fall of your feet
That brook no delay?

You are going, God knows,
In the faith, thrice mute,
That you will find His rose
Of dawn, His twilight's flute.

And when you find them, you
Will bring a soul hewn
Out of some deep and true
Beauty and tune.

Wanderer! the wind wails,
Waters moan loud,
And sky unfurls its sails
Of wandering cloud.

## RARIFIED RAPTURE

White stork standing on the dim water's edge,
Your vision, O so delicate, has been with me for years!
I wonder if you indicate the still and lonely pledge
Of life fulfilled along the mournful margin of our tears.

White moon bubbled from the fringes of the night!
Are you just a wandering round echo come again
Out of the shout He shouted from his purple mountain-height
When He heard his new creation cry its first wild cry of pain?

White thought blossomed on the borders of the deep!
Say, are you the motherhood of all white flowers?
While around your beauty black shadows rise and leap
You stand stainless, a sentinel of hours.

## DAY—BREAK

Half blue and half
Orange, the light
Laughed a pale laugh
Out of the night,
Laughed in a high
Rhythm of higher
Rapture which sky
Changes to fire.

Lo, faded dawns
Of centuries
Meet in response
Between the trees,
And on the waves,—
Every dawn's red
Grows from the graves
Of dawns that are dead.

Light never dies
That is once born,
Whether of eyes,
Spirit or morn,
Memory's tombs
Of painted glass
Bury but glooms
That pulse and pass.

Colour is sucked
Up by the white
Light that is plucked
Only by light,
From the still boughs
Where no bird sings
Beyond the drowse
Of passing wings.

Beautiful light,
When it seems lost
To our poor sight
Has only crossed
The shadow-marge
That lies between
It and the large
Splendour unseen.

You, morning star !
In your cloud-boat
Voyaging, are
Striking a note
Diamond-sharp,
Steady and rare,
Upon your harp,
Thrilling the air.

Like a rich spark
Sent by the night
Out of the dark
Into the light,
Concentrate news
That, for the sun,
A fire of hues
Will be begun,

Until it tire
At the last streak
Of all its fire,
And again seek
To be compelled
Into a blot
Inly, and held
In a star-dot.

Morning has come,
Morning will go
Into a dumb
Exile of glow
Beyond the eyes
To a next morn:
Light never dies
Once it is born.

## SOUL

O what invisible sky lights
Those mysteries afar ?
Some thoughts are purple twilights
Through which she moves, a star
Drawing a dreamy orbit
Of light that wanders free,
With nothing to absorb it
In all eternity.

Each footfall echoes, probing
Dark undiscovered ways,
To silences unrobing
The music of man's days;
For everywhere she wanders
The world becomes aware
Of deeper truth, and ponders
Over new light and air.

From hollow to flame-hollow
Of other heavens she goes:
What lightning-flash can follow
The speed of her repose
Which, without moving, masters
The centres of all storms
And with her light afar, stirs
Each darkened world of forms ?

The mellow lights are playing
About her quiet face,
And not one cloud is straying
In the wide fields of space ;
The winds that were a-blowing
Withdraw and slowly cease,
And now behold her going
Through elemental peace.

## BLUE PROFOUND

The evening cloud was cloven to a chasm
Of palest orange light towards eve,
When suddenly the first-born star was seen
The deepening darks between,
Like a rich spasm
Of a first faith shot through the heart which won't believe.

And there were lingering lines of golden flame
Which marked the soulful even-calm
Foretelling radiant destinies about
To flush and flower out
Of night that came
Slowly, far-imaging space to a lone prophet-palm.

Gradually vanished the last note of bird
Dropped like a pearl between the boughs,
And silence gathered to a strangely still
Mood of some master-will,—
Night was a word
Vibrated bluely in a depth of spirit-drowse.

In my existence every hue and sound
Had, of a sudden, disappeared
And left a vacancy which seemed to wait
For a starred inner state,
A many-teared
Ecstatic reflex of a realised profound.

I held my breath and from a world of din
Solitarily I sat apart
And felt the being vistaed into fire
Of truth which did acquire
Rhythm in the heart,
When lo, I knew the worlds without as worlds within.

Beloved! every moment groweth terse
With packed significance unknown:
What richness and what rapture fill the breast,
What beauty and what rest,
In thine Alone
Of presence I am like a brimming universe.

## NATURE AND THE POET

Many–fire–mingled, and
Future–star–tingled, and
Moon–blossom in their hands
The clouds beyond
Gazed at their brother, and
Looked at each other and
Whispered "One yonder stands
Who can respond."

And a grass–hopper rose
Under the copper–rose
Clouds of the even–tide
Glimmering by,
And felt the sky light flow
Out of the twilight-glow
Across the even–dyed
Rim of the sky.

In the dark thickets wide
Seerhooded crickets cried
Intoxicated with
The deeps above,
Each seeming but a far
Sound–throb that shut a star
While being mated with
The holy Love.

Spring's glad returning hours
With wealths of burning flowers
And heaves of humming noise
In grove and glade,
Made the world colourful
With naught to lull her full
Season of coming joys
Doubt–unbetrayed.

The law immutable,
Flawless, inscrutable,
Works from the bottom, and
Stirs everything;
How shall our reasons plumb
The way the seasons come:
Summer and Autumn, and
Winter and Spring?

The way that cooing doves
Record far-wooing loves
Between the light and shade
Since time began;
How shall we ever know ?
No, we shall never know
How thy delight has made
Beauty for man.

How shall we learn, O Sweet!
Why glories burn and beat
Heaven-suspended, and
From sun to sun ?

Why music hums and flows,
Why each thing comes and goes,
Some things are ended and
Others begun?

Why all this spin of life,
Colour and din of life,
And all this mystery
Of sky and grass?
Being their neighbour still,
Love! must thou labour still
At the dim history
Of things that pass?

To know, the only way
Is by the lonely way
That winds and goes within
To thine Alone:
Wearing no mask again,
We shall not ask again
For Something knows within
What is unknown.

## THE WHITE BIRD

A white bird flew through the pale blue air,
A white bird flew,
How like a shot, spontaneous, rare
Soul of the blue.

Circling in joy with flutter of wing
It passed beyond sight:
An essence of love a-wandering
Through an essence of light.

It almost would seem that nobody saw
That bird but I
Fulfilling unseen some loftiest law
Of the voiceless sky.

Nobody saw it circle and go
Like an arrow through,
Shot like a white-fire streak from a bow
Of a blue within blue.

Nobody noticed the way it shot
Away and afar,
How like a miracle of God's thought
White-aimed at a star.

Was it a pigeon, was it a dove?
Nobody knows.
All that I know is that it was like love
Fraught with repose,

That it was like some incense fire
Floated and sent
Higher and higher and higher and higher
Through the firmament.

White bird, white bird! how like a bloom's
Spirit you were
Soaring this noon with your clean white plumes
Wooing the air.

Where have you gone, ah, who can tell?
Ringing apart
Deep in my life like a heavenly bell,
Deep in the heart,

A musical image of mine own soul
Silent and rare,
Speeding towards one selfsame goal
Both of us share.

## THE BLUE BIRD

Blue bird, blue bird! where will you fly?
High, very high, higher than high!
Making my starting-point vanishing sky.

What is your purpose, what is your goal?
To reach the Beloved beyond the whole
Ripe evolution of human soul.

Will you not tire, bird, will you not tire?
Nobody wearies who doth aspire
For the Beloved, without desire.

What will you do, bird, what will you do
If a sudden dark cloud challenges you?
No cloud meets one in the Over-blue.

Suppose that a star should your wings invite
To rest awhile on its glimmering height?
The last lone star is dissolved in my light.

What will your song be then, blue bird?
A stillness within all stillness stirred
Which in the Unheard is again unheard.

What will the colour of your wings be?
The hue of invisibility,
The colour of immortality.

Blue bird, say, what shall be your speed?
I will not of movement then be in need,
Being swiftest flight of all swiftness freed.

What rich dreams do your wings fulfil?
A dream of bright nothing fiery and chill,
The wander-lust of His poisèd Will.

Blue bird, blue bird! where do you soar?
In what-is-to-come and what-was before,
In the limitless void of the Evermore.

## EVENING

How beautiful you are, Evening! how beautiful you are
With a clear promise of your firstling nursling star
About to break in your bare
Lonely air
A-far.

See, the whole horizon closes round your opening eye
About to kindle in your chilly stilly sky
Burning with a first event
Of descent;
No cry

Either of wind or water or of homing bird
Across the naked heave of eve is heard,
For a star will soon be cast
Through the Vast,
A word!

Evening ! how deep and wonderful the air around
Has become in this your new-born blue - born sound
Of harmonious silence which
Weighs a rich
Profound.

Once the first light breaks and blossoms, all the secret springs
Of delight will leap on breathless, deathless wings
And a myriad lights will whirl
Pearl on pearl,
To rings!

How beautiful you are, Evening! with your weight
Of expected light that lives and gives a great
Poise to heaven in fire-pangs,
Which now hangs
Like fate.

## THE ANCIENT TRAVELLER

The road is waiting for your tread,
O traveller, O traveller!
Make faith your staff and love your bread,
O traveller, O traveller!
The time has come for you to start
With real prayer within the heart,
The dawn is breaking overhead,
O traveller, O traveller!

You know that though the way be long,
O traveller, O traveller!
Your soul is brave, your feet are strong,
O traveller, O traveller!
And when, at all, the winds blow sharp
The road will echo like a harp,
And move you to a merry song
O traveller, O traveller!

For sentiment there is no room,
O traveller, O traveller!
Who is related unto whom,
O traveller, O traveller?
What earthly relative or friend
Will travel with you to the end
Equally through luck and doom,
O traveller, O traveller?

Nay, there is only One who will,
O traveller, O traveller!
Go uphill with you or downhill,

O traveller, O traveller!
Teaching you gently all the time
To rise again and laugh and climb
The winding steep, undaunted still,
O traveller, O traveller!

O never waver, doubt or think,
O traveller, O traveller!
Though darkness fall as black as ink,
O traveller, O traveller!
Since in the deepest heart withdrawn
You always can persuade the dawn
To ring you round with fiery pink,
O traveller, O traveller!

Your promise to the Light is made,
O traveller, O traveller!
And so you are no more afraid,
O traveller, O traveller!
Your life must be subjected now
To the fulfilment of that vow
Which surely shall not be betrayed,
O traveller, O traveller!

A singing starts in blood and limb,
O traveller, O traveller!
And in the being colours brim,
O traveller, O traveller!
Is it not sweet to tread and go
Towards the voice that calls you so?
Is it not sweet to follow Him,
O traveller, O traveller?

Unto the truth you shall be true,
O traveller, O traveller!
In light or dark, in sun or dew,
O traveller, O traveller!
From truth you shall not ever flinch
Nor wander from it by an inch,
For you are truth and truth is you,
O traveller, O traveller!

The road is waiting for your tread,
O traveller, O traveller!
Behold, the dawn is burning red,
O traveller, O traveller!
The road is waiting like a bride,
The sky, a witness golden-eyed,
Knows that the road and you are wed,
O traveller, O traveller!

## THE MAD MAN

I saw a mad man walking along
A very lonely lane,
Something was more than right with his soul
And nothing wrong with his brain.
But people called him mad because
He cursed at the moon and cursed
Its light on a cloud, and moaned aloud,
"When will the moon thirst for more thirst?"

Day and night and night and day
In aimless ways he walked
The street that was haunted with shadows,
And unto himself he talked,
"Shadows are pale and shadows are dark,
But they are the same from the first
To the last in time. O God! make shadows
Thirsty for more and more thirst!"

What does the mad man care for men
Who are sane, or think that they are?
For a real mad man has found himself
In the hush of the farthest star.
But then, alas! when he sees the sky
Contented, how can he not burst
Into holy wrath and cry, "O Light!
Give the sky a thirst for more thirst?"

O mad man, sacred wanderer!
Before your strange feet I bow
For there is a kingdom deep in your heart
And a kingship upon your brow.
There are many bad things in the world,
But to one such as you the worst
Is settled beauty which lies at rest
And is thirsty for no more thirst!

## IMAGERY

A long grey cloud went running by
With three pale yellow stripes
    Upon its browning back,

In the deep orchards of the sky
What fire-red sun-fruit ripes
    Ready to split and crack?

Squirrel of God! be careful how
You nibble at the fruit
    When it is hanging warm:

O far invisible autumn-bough
Of lustre lone and mute
    Untroubled by a storm!

## IRONY

When in the lonesome night and black
You gave my heart a gift of pain
I prayed to you to take it back
Again.

When in your steady cleansing fire
You cast me with my stain and dirt,
I cried for mercy, "Love! I tire
Of hurt."

And when responding to my prayer
You took them back, the ache, the flame,
I could not bear, I could not bear
The shame

Of emptiness, the bitter black
Absence of Love's inflicted pain,
And cried to you, "O give them back
Again,

"Give back again the bruise, the burn,
The lonely suffering that uplifts:
Pardon my prayer, and return
The gifts."

## TWILIGHT

Heaven is a blue flower hanging from the stalk
Of mine own silence. Crowned with inner light
Straight, with a head joy-aureoled, I walk
A prince of shining depths, from height to height.

Let men deny that I have kissed thy hem,
O Beautiful beyond the body's reach!
Rich with an inner knowledge I pass them
By on the way, nor waste my breath or speech.

Life of my life! A growing silence hums
Like to a host of bees about to drain
Some last wild honey. Something mighty comes

Upon me ...... is it ecstasy grown pain
Under its own vibration? Stop the drums
And cymbals ...... I am going back to hush again.

## BUBBLES

Some one is busy blowing bubbles,
Day long and night,
Bubbles of shadow and of half-shadow,
Bubbles of light,
Wind-blown bubbles, ruddy and azure,
Golden and white.

See how they sparkle and dance through the ethers,
Centuries through,
Old, so old in their climbing and falling,
Ever so new;
Heaven is God's delicious childhood
Naked and blue.

What did the lonely Breath feel blowing
Through the long reed
Of scoopèd silence plucked from the edge of
Some inner need
Of the deep vacancy wanting through bubbles
To be time-freed?

Look at the sun's red-flaming bubble,
See how it goes!
How like the blood-drop of an unmated
Mystical rose!
Where does it come from? where is it going?
Nobody knows.

Look at the moon's white–fiery bubble,
Cool and sublime,
How like the blood–drop of stainless silence
Floated through time !
The sky of One is a poem of bubbles,
The moon is one rhyme!

Some one is busily blowing bubbles
Self–universed
In a great global trance-tremour of spaces
Brimming with thirst:
Creation is only a cry of strange bubbles,
Bubbles that burst.

## DOTS AND RINGS

Sometimes the sky leans down to whisper
Rolling secrets in my ear,
And the clouds of light grow crisper
In a mellowing atmosphere,

O the ecstasy of Time!

Trills of love intense go tracing
Patterns through the naked air
Until I, in trance, seem facing
Mine own self-light everywhere,

O the magic orbs that chime!

I have now no doubt within me
That I am both sky and sun;
Every time He doth begin me
He Himself is re-begun:

O the mystery of things!

Bird of Ether, many–throated!
Cloudy plumes of pearl–flames curled!
Outsidely you are all floated
Out of my creative world!

O the living dots and rings!

Dreaming is a singer's duty,
I fulfil it more than well!
I have drained the inner beauty
Of each ocean and each shell:

O the giant and the elf!

With bright vision I keep ridging
Unseen worlds that roll and roll,
With my songs forever bridging
Each earth-body with the Soul:

Myriad self and single Self!

## CONQUEROR

Life has tried to break my life in vain,
I have never truly cried defeat:
Being tutored, as I have, through pain
Any human spirit would grow sweet.

There are some who suffer and are drowned
In the dark wild seas of human grief,
But to my amazement I have found
Joy is all eternal, pain is brief.

See my heart within, how it behaves
Under tragedy and bitter strife,
I have kept my head above the waves,
I have swum across the seas of life.

I have swum the dark lagoons of death
And have reached the glimmering edge of time,
Even now, with steady rhythmic breath,
I do claim the billowing darks to climb.

Life has tried to break my life in vain,
I have never truly cried defeat:
I have learned to find in every pain
A true tryst, O Love, wherein we meet.

## FIRE-CEREMONY

Tune, O bravely tune your lyre
To a fire-note, lone way-farer!
Let each footfall through your travel
Fiery mysteries unravel
Since the Master of the Fire
Has proclaimed you fire-bearer.

Of a debt to One each sorrow
Be a heroic returning:
Never let the Spirit deaden
Though your sleepless eyelids redden,
Gladly offer each tomorrow
Like a rose of redder burning.

Let no foolish self-pitying
Make you on the roadway languish.
You must learn the all-defiant
Joyous courage of a giant
Who is through the ages being
Moulded out of silent anguish.

Let your lantern-flame be steady,
Quietly its lustre shedding;
Your footprints, some day or other,
Will guide future feet, O brother!
On the roadway getting ready
Gradually through your treading.

Lo, your lonely Spirit cries not
Helplessly in the hereafter,
Though the night be endless, moonless,
And the winds be friendless, tuneless,
Though the sun of morning rise not
You will flood the sky with laughter.

For you know you will discover
Him through a huge fire-test only,
This long grief of separation
Being a lonely preparation
For a meeting with the Lover
Who is also very lonely.

Play upon your single-mooded
One-stringed lyre of wayfarers;
Let each footfall in your travel
Fire-bloom every grain of gravel,
Since, behold! He has included
You among His fire-bearers.

## THE BARGE

Lord ! thou hast taken over charge
Of this, my body's barge
In rain and sunshine built,–
Do with me as thou wilt.

Through days and days and days it stood,
This barge of flowerless wood,
Soaking in rains alone
Without a sigh or moan;

And then again for days and days
In the sun's callous blaze
Under a naked sky
Exposed, that it may dry.

Then broken, hammered, bruised and slit,
And tested every bit,
I was a barge to climb
The ruggèd waves of time.

On many a dusky sea of doubt
I had been tossed about,
And in their depths profound
Been very nearly drowned.

On dull titanic seas of pain,
Again and yet again,
I met with storms, but came
Out of them all the same.

What though I shook and wept and feared,
I found that I was steered
Out of the fret and chafe
Of ruin, sound and safe.

And now upon thy silent marge
I wait, a moveless barge,
By thee to be re-built,–
Do with me as thou wilt.

## OFFERING

You have opened wide your doors,
I have entered. And this sack
Which I bear upon my back,
With what it contains, is yours.

Ask me not what it contains:
Bygone laughters, bygone tears,
Losses of departed years,
Future spiritual gains?

Question me not of its worth:
Silvers of some bygone sky
In remembrance passing by?
Golds of some forgotten earth?

Moons extinguished, suns long set?
Wakened vision, perished thought?
My Beloved, I know not,
What my sack holds I forget.

But in it there are some wise
Articles bought at life's mart:
Pearl-drips of a weeping heart,
Ruby flame of sleepless eyes.

In the shadows, deep and black,
Crowding it, you'll find a lamp
That belongs to me, your tramp
Who have trod a long long track.

You have opened wide the doors,
I have come. Here, take the sack
I have brought upon my back,
All that it contains is yours.

## INVISIBLE TRYST

Who hath set this marriage feast
In the Lonely and the Least?

I have heard His marriage flute
Sobbing, sobbing in the newt.

I have witnessed in the moth
Patterns for His marriage-cloth,

In the bee on any flower
Some One keep the trysting hour.

I have seen in every bird
That same Some One keep His word.

I have heard His marriage ode
Clear, recited in a toad.

In a worm, a tremulous thing,
I have glimpsed His marriage ring.

I have watched Him kiss His love
Chastely in a foam-white dove.

I have known Him lost in thought
Of Her, in a leaf's red dot.

In a shivering blade of grass
I have seen Them, wedded, pass.

In a tiny grain of sand
They go walking hand in hand.

I have seen Somebody spell
Her sweet name in a sea-shell.

In the slightest wind a-stir,
Listen, how He breathes by Her!

Each pool-circle is, I guess,
Their first virginal caress.

Sky is mating with deep sky
In the silent squirrel's eye.

I am learning to discover
In small things the Loved and Lover.

## POET OF THE DIVINE BELOVED

Sometimes your poet loses
Himself in such delight
That his poor mind refuses
To work, his pen to write!
For something breaks asunder
From him the power of speech,
When in some silent wonder
He dwells beyond his reach.

It is his shy confession
That there are thoughts to which
He cannot give expression
Since words were never rich,
Nor can he ever hope with
A mortal tongue that limps
To talk of them or cope with
One real inner glimpse.

Sometimes my soul is riven
To chasms of such glows
That I have straightway striven,
As everybody knows,
To put it down in metre
And prison it in rhyme,
But spirit-truths are fleeter
Than language born of time.

Your poet's wings, Beloved!
Some weights of light may hold,
For certain things, Beloved!
Are seen but never told.

For utterance would be broken
By certain powers of flame
Which shall remain unspoken
But gathered all the same.

Words are so very narrow,
So dull and unaware:
How can a speeding arrow
Be gripped by empty air?
How can the unheard paeans
By the hushed being imbibed
Through centuries of aeons,
In language be described ?

Your poet is so silly,
His language so unlit,
He can pourtray a lily
But not the soul of it,
Yes, he can talk of roses
With phrases roseal-dyed,
Not what their hue encloses
So secretly inside.

He can describe the rising
Of suns at break of day,
But it is most surprising
How little he can say;
How little he can write of
The twilight's purple shade
And the eternal light of
Skies that appear to fade.

Yet, through your ceaseless blessing
He hopes to gain the power
Of easily expressing
The Flower beyond the flower,
The Spring beyond the springtide,
The Light beyond the light,
When, no more weak and wing-tied,
He grows to purest flight.

## LIGHT OF LIGHTS

The days are gold with magic
And the nights are blue and deep,
And a ceaseless sense of beauty
Whether waking or asleep:
For I've learned to love thy Beauty
With a love that only knows
To fill all that I do and say
With absolute repose.

The moons have amber shadows,
And the dusks have purple ones,
But my heart contains the rising
And the setting of the suns,
For the touch of my Beloved
Hath made the being sublime,
And now I am eternal, though
A measurement of time.

The dawns are pale flamingoes
And the twilights, drowsy fawns,
But I seem to be the fountain-source
Of twilights and of dawns,
For I ever kneel to Beauty
Withinly and apart,
And that is why all loveliness
Goes journeying from my heart.

Time plays his flute of seasons
Whose notes are flowers and fruits,
But my body is the bridegroom
Of the music of all flutes;

Since my vision comes from summits
Like a surge of centuries
Flung out of silver silences
And golden melodies.

A blue light on the water,
And a crimson on the crest
Of the solitary mountain:
But the Light within my breast
Is the reflex from the altars
That are lit upon the heights
In the worship of the Spirit,
The unfailing Light of Lights!

## EPILOGUE

Above the stretching dark of years
Moonlike the rounded truth appears;
Life after life I watched it grow
Out of the crescent, white and slow,
Towards the fullness, as a seer's
Interior vision's ripening glow;
And now at last the moment nears
When many-mirrored heaven shall blow
To moony blooms reflected keen
From gardended vasts of the Unseen.

How many centuries have dawned
Day after day in diamond
And roseal fires, and quenched their light
In wells of blue, night after night;
From dome to dome the secret wand
Of silence woke height after height
Of eyelike stars that did respond
To limpid depths of inner sight
Which stir like miracles apart
Now in the visionary heart.

The hour that we approach is rife
With peace which ends all sin and strife.
The scarlet flower of bleeding time
Rooted in anguish, doubt and crime,
Burgeons into the flower of life
Unsullied, magical, sublime,
Taking all human breath to wife
Which, perfume-laden, now doth climb

God's altars, each time mortal breathes,
Spiralled to clouds of incense-wreaths

A power that nothing more can flout,
A flame that nothing can put out,
A flight that nothing more can stop,
Star-wedded hush of mountain-top,
A joy that laugheth out of doubt,
A peace that spinneth like a top,
A heaven that is a golden shout,
Uutil each world becomes a drop
Of nectar foaming in the warm
Cup of the One without a form.

S ee, how the deepening twilight yawns
Into unm easured lilied lawns
Which dance and twinkle, white and clear,
Naked and lonely and austere;
And lo, the redly-quivering dawns
Which past the folded hills appear
Whose floating clouds of gold aud bronze
Are like to living isles of cheer,
These are but images which sail
Towards the Beauty past the veil.

The secret Beauty that hath sown
Enduring joyance past each moan,
And everlasting happiness
Behind the glooms of storm and stress;
Timeless, she walketh all alone
Donning the beggar's tattered dress;

With naught to hope or call her own
She is more rich than men can guess;
How silverly her laughter slips
Out of the wandering leper's lips.

Her ways are stange and dark and dire,
Time's motley is her true attire ;
Her tread is devious, and who knows
The labyrinths through which she goes ?
The drowning water, tearing fire
Are mystic masks of her repose,
And through the worm she lends a higher
Significance unto the rose ;
Homeward through unrelenting grooves
Of contraries, that Beauty moves.

And yet, the opposites which seem
Surrounding life with an extreme
Of agony and greying grief,
Are but a habit of belief
Created by the mind whose gleam
Is but illusive, pale and brief ;
All life is but a single dream
Of liberation and relief
Which we arrive at when the soul
Grips us in its divine control.

Through comtemplation of the One
These contraries of life are done,
And in the being awakeneth
The knowledge that there is no death,

That life is constantly begun
As part of the one naked Breath
Which blows to bubbles moon and sun,
And everything in nature saith
The ancient solitary word
Through which all time and space was stirred.

Some far Musician plays his pipe
Equally through the cloud and snipe,
Equally through the sun and flower
That the old hush may gather power;
Through dust that sleeps and fruits that ripe,
Packing deep wonders in an hour,
Through stainless stream and rainbow-stripe
And stars that climb and clouds that lower:
O, it is marvellous to hear
The music grow from year to year.

The soul which doth appear remote
To many yet, withal doth float
Invisibly within a shroud
Of myriad-melodisèd cloud:
Unto the space of every note
Its eagle-wing of joy is vowed;
Behold, its richly ringèd throat
With blinding fires of gold endowed!
Music-enchanted, through mad gales,
Its halcyon image slowly sails.

Through aeoned griefs it groweth wise
In each earth-body, the disguise

It needs must wear while yet it dips
Into the zone of death's eclipse;
Since ultimately man must rise
Out of the prisonment of lips,
The dim captivity of eyes,
And cultivate rare comradeships
With plumed wild glories that o' erleap
The barrèd darks of human sleep.

Each thing, without or with a name,
On one sole Spirit lays a claim,
And ever since the world began
Hath been important in the plan
Of Him who moulded from one same
Immortal substance, mole and man,
Enclosing one miraculous flame
Equally in the space and span.
Each thing must ultimately reach
The crowded loneliness of each.

One unto Him are gold and grass,
The dewdrop and the wandering mass
Of tidal water, star and air,
Cloud-coloured morn and noontide bare
Become one picture in His glass
Wherein but essence grows aware;
He will not let one atom pass
Since, deeply gathered to His care,
He draws both splendorous and dim
Breathing and movement unto Him.

In His divine unerring chart
Which is but known to Him, apart
From His creation, being the One
Lone, uncreated, unbegun,
All things alike have equal start
And equally the race is won;
Existence is the holy heart
Which throbs alike to speck and sun,
And every atom hath a soul
Fraught with the rhythm of the Whole.

Naught that exists is fooled or tricked
Into a system harsh and strict,
As it might sometimes seem to some
Who look on life as martyrdom;
No thing He makes is derelict,
But deep with truth no man may plumb;
Eternity has ever ticked
Its bygone beats and those to come
In everything ...... its hour doth strike
For earth and heaven both alike.

Behold, the future flash and cast
A shadow of gold upon the past,
Even as a sunrise swift and strange
Yellowing a darkened mountain-range,
Peak upon peak, until at last
All bygone mystery and change
Takes on a tone serene and vast,
And knowledge seems to re-arrange

Each glad or pitiful event
Into the meaning that was meant.

The orbs with their enormous girths
Enclose high undiscovered worths
Which through the opening inner eye
We shall discovered by and by;
Significance of deaths and births,
The how of life, the when and why,
Until we know that man is earth's
Interpretation of God's sky.
All darkling mystery shall cease
The captive of a horoscope,

And then alone may living win
The rounded ecstasies that spin
Under the lambent spirit's cope
Where naught is blind or needs to grope
Through superstitious discipline,
The captive of a horoscope.
For in the kingdom of Within
Reign everlasting joy and hope,
The bright Within which, past a doubt,
Awaits the wandering Without.

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